

The Chimney Sweeper.

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry weep weep weep weep,
So your chimneys I sweep & in soot I sleep.
There's little Tom Dacre who cried when his head
That curl'd like a lamb's back, was shav'd, so I said,
Hush Tom never mind it, for when your heads bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair.
And so he was quiet, & that very night,
As Tom was a sleeping he had such a sight,
That thousands of sweepers Dick, Joe, Ned & Jack,
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black,
And by came an Angel who had a bright key,
And he open'd the coffins & set them all free;
Then down a green plain leaping laughing they run,
And wash in a river and shine in the Sun.
Then naked & white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind,
And the Angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father & never want joy.
And so Tom awoke and we rose in the dark
And got with our bags & our brushes to work.
Tho' the morning was cold, Tom was happy & warm,
So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.



The Laughing Song.

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by,
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it,
When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene,
When Mary and Susan and Emily,
With their sweet round mouths sing Ha Ha He,
When the painted birds laugh in the shade
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread,
Come love & be merry and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of Ha Ha He.

